

# **no-frills engineering newspaper**

# godiva's box

Director  
Brant Anatomy Museum  
President  
University of Toronto  
Engineering Society  
Metro Library  
Toronto, Ontario

Dear Sir:  
As director of the Grant Anatomy Museum, I would like to thank you for running your Annual Chariot Race. The Museum has had problems recently in obtaining fresh corpses for its collection. After your Chariot Race, we had merely to scour Front Campus and by relieving the pain of the casualties (with a knife in the hack), we found an adequate supply for at least this term. I respectfully request that you consider baving these races more frequently.  
Dr. J.P. Smythe  
M.D., F.R.C.P.S., B.A.Sc.  
Dear naked lady who sits on that heautiful beast,  
My problem is this, ...every time I have sex with a goat I get this uncontrollable urge to light up a camel. What can I do?  
Dumfuq 8T3

Godiva's Box  
Toronto, Ont.  
There comes a time in the affairs of men when it becomes necessary to limit the civil liberties of a people with the use of armed force. I am not referring to my government's present police action which is liberating Afghanistan from the murderous clutches of the rehel Mullah tribesmen. I am suggesting that, in light of increasing attacks upon Engineers, their flag, and their newspaper, the Toike Oike, that the Engineering Society consider forming a guard to protect themselves and their flag. Despite the fact that a single armed man could massacre all the radical feminists in the university, I would suggest the establishment of a one-hundred man guard, plus a supplementary artillery brigade.  
The Soviet government has one-hundred AK-11 rifles and selected artillery pieces available for front line conditions. All of this equipment will be obsolete

before our next imperialist aggression programme is implemented next week.  
Remember, the best enemy is a dead enemy.  
Petre Alexandre Ivanovitch  
Commissioner of War of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics

Dear Lady Godiva  
I've been upset ever since I read the Nov. 1979 COSMOPOLITOIKE's article "The Myth of the Male Orgasm." I had no idea I've been faking it all this time. Believe you-me it sure seems like I orgasm, but I guess it must be right, especially that bit about an inadequate control of bodily functions. Shit, maybe I don't really enjoy a pleasant screw; maybe my cock does have as many nerve endings as a cast off toenail. Oh, I'm so confused. Should I get an operation to change the shape of my cock to resemble a light bulb?  
After all I am Electrical.  
Just sign me,  
Light in the head

Dear Box,  
Since I will soon be convocating out of this academic pit and seeing that you are the sum of all human knowledge north of College St., I ask you to please answer one question for me before I go. You see, ever since Monday, Sept. 12, 1976 when I first started my knowledge expanding, head swelling career at the Skuliversity of Toronto, I've notice that there is really something fucked up about the girls at this place. The thing that really hothers my almost BSE'd mind is the fact that everytime you see one of these beauties with a guy, the guy is usually one of these pale skinned, long haired, hearded, oily, knapsack carrying, little scrotes who eats nuts and dried fruit and who walks around picking the dead skin off of their glasses! Understand what I mean Box? Why is it that these really nice broads hang around and actually seem to enjoy these fucking jerks? So what's wrong with these broads? Box - are they screwed up or what? Thank you very much for your answer.  
Strangely yours,  
Soemone who is not a jerk

Dear Box  
The fifth issue of the Toike marked the start of my second term in the University of Toronto. Publications of this magazine (?) annoyed me one more than the last. I helieve the students of engineering, the leaders of tomorrow's society, deserve a little more from this hudget provided for hy the Engineering Society fees. Parties with live music and free hooze could be paid for, hy this money. Now, truly, which would the Engineering students enjoy more? A real wild party with no cover charge or the same sickening garbage pile up in Toike, page after page, issue after issue?  
Signature Reserved

Dear Box  
Frogs have never been a hot topic for conversation at dinner parties but I hope to change that with this letter.

Frogs, hy nature, are not very aggressive animals but lately I have noticed different. Walking through the woods I have found a destructive trail of their vented anger and frustration. Torn up weeds, fly skeletons, roaches, hroken beer bottles and toilet paper unrolled over trees. What could cause this eruption of senseless violence and blatant waste?

I feel they are merely reacting to the oppressive attitude of society. They have been stereotyped as passive little creatures with funny voices (not unlike Eng Scis), merely due to their previously good-natured attitude toward us. However, the frogs have been exploited too long for us to expect them to endure this abuse much longer.

If frogs are not soon taken seriously as a united, powerful group earning our respect then we will have to face serious consequences in the near future.  
A bleeding heart Artsie

Dear Box  
On or about the day of January Eighth 1980, the Toike office was savagely invaded by 2 F!rosh for purposes unknown. Pop cans were used to force Neditur Bob Moulit and an Eng Sci F!rosh (a wimp whose name we don't care about) into the rear of the office. During the attack, a mug (Bob's) hearing the letter M was unmercifully destroyed (probably the motive for the attack).

Bob afterwards stated that he realized he was losing only due to the presence of the Eng Sci F!rosh, who was too busy trying to aerodynamically redesign the can. Bob then tried to convince us that after throwing out his major handicap (the F!rosh), he won the fight by throwing out his ammunition and hurling a huge 12 x 4 x 2 dam hox (Godiva's) over the wall only to discover that the F!rosh had run away. We have since learned that he is building electrical fencing for the Toike office in case of a future attack.  
CIV 8T3

Dear Box;  
I just married an engineer and I think that he is oversexed. He never leaves me alone! He makes love to me all day long, while I'm in the shower, while I cook breakfast, while I'm making the heds and whenever I turn my hack on him. What should I do?  
Exhausted  
P.S. Please excuse the jerky handwriting.

Dear Box:  
Injunars: Intellectuals R. Genisis Peep!e tell me dat injunears r illeterate an out off feel wit reality. I protestitute. Ass an injunear meye english flacity cumhairs wit dar off an inglich mayor r general. Ounce upon a dime I defalted with a fartsei. E said I new o-thing about life, hutt eye sayed eye new moore about life dan e new about da wampum terry off Elictophysiques. Shit, me cunt spell n talk n right ass god ass dem flicking profincestors.  
N! Injunear?

Dear Box:  
I really thought it was unfair to run the chariot race under such conditions. I mean, really man, the industrials were coming with the Geo's and the Geo's were cumming with the Civils. The Chems don't want to be associated with those deviants, so please don't associate us with them. We want to win and cum with the nurses.  
Chem 8T2

Dear Bocks  
My apologies for not makin' a poisonous appearance at de incident. My boys reform me dat dere was no hitches. I like dat - No Hitches!  
Unfortunately, I was called away to attend to a small irregularity in Bakery operations in Babul - a mere formality.  
Lookin' forward to continui' our profitable relationship.  
Respectfully  
Mario's Bakery International  
Newark, New Jersey  
P.s. We'll talk.

**GREAT TASTING BEER WE'VE GOT HERE.**

**COLT 45 GREAT TASTING BEER**



# TOIKE OIKE

**Editor:** Bob (Cocky Little Whelp) Moulton  
**Assistance:** Lynn Wizniak and Mike Stephenson  
**Business Manager:** Avi Zimmerman

Thursday February 7, 1980

## No Name Staph

**T. Nugent II:** The food was great, but the music sucked. When does the BNAD go electric?  
**D.H. Esq:** More beer, wench.  
**Spot!** What am I doing here?  
**Ass Ed:** Goodbye Dianne W.  
**Arse Ed:** Dogs roam wild, but they won't bite.  
**VW Vici:** She bit major body parts but didn't swallow.  
**Lennie:** Leo D. Didn't write it!  
**The Gland:** I love myself. Help me please.  
**Peter Pan:** Was it Tinker who rang my bell?  
**Otis Fudpucker:** Rides Again.  
**Jymmi Em:** This is the most damage I've ever done, without laughing.  
**Hawkeye:** Thank you. I've enjoyed it.  
**Dan Nosella:** Not a teenager, But...  
**Dave Miller:** I thought I was 69.

**Spirit Boss:** GKS  
**Bill Bradley:** Oh Nooooo!  
**Esteban Defesus:** I think I'm only a spud boy.  
**Spaceman:** "Captain, the ship can't take much more of this!  
**Elmer "Daze" Krista:** "If you'll print it, I'll write it!"  
**Inspector:** Why Me?  
**Brian (Messiah) Cohen:** Is my nose too big, Mum?  
**Mandy (His Mother):** Sex, Sex, Sex!  
**Mike strumpeter:** Brickery? What Brickery?  
**Dave IND:** Mario Who? Don't talk to me, I'm asleep...  
**W.Y.:** I came to college for an M.R.S. (Nudge Nudge Wink Wink!)  
**Mr. Xi:** Does she go? Eh. Does she go?  
**Alfredo Benzold:** Is there any life in Scarboro Kollidge?  
**Gremiln:** Only in the library!

**Piggy:** All right, who chipped my cup? Someone must have been real hungry.  
**Rear Admiral:** Join the navy and feel a man!  
**Mr. Y.:** Keep dinner warm. I'll be home soon, and don't get any splinters.  
**Mr. Z.:** Out to eat out!  
**J.A. Samson:** Help me, I'm stuck.  
**Bill M.:** 8T1, MK II and still trying.  
**Lorraine Electrical:** Off to kingston, again?! But she's got her boots and whip! And bubble bath?  
**John K:** Single again. Open to offers (and on her's)  
**Fred:** OK, alright. Would you like to go to the conversat?... good enough?  
**Mad Man Bummers Bobunk In The Summer:** Lost in the flood.  
**Bob:** 20 chickens had to sacrifice themselves for this make-up!  
**Mr. Dead:** At the Mars Hotel  
**Willy and D.S.:** Still can't do no 11.

What a great Make-up it was! There were about fifty people here. Most of them I had never seen before, but that did not matter. I got lots of material, much of it a little rough around the edges but definitely showing lots of potential. The next make-up will be on February 29 and the issue will be a parody of the Toronto Star. Please have submissions in by the twenty-eighth or bring them to the make-up. Everyone is welcome to come on out, even if you can't write, we need idea people. Free food and beer as usual. Come and check it out - you'll have a great time!



The Regulars: the mainstay of the Toike.



A few of the rubbles that dropped in to write this issue.

NOT-SO-GREAT FORMER LEADERS: #2 of a series, collect them all



another FLASH ad

"I'm glad you asked me that question... ah... ah... well at least I don't fall down or hit people on the head with golf balls like Gerry Ford did..."

# DJ'S

Don't let whatisname confuse you on the issues. DJ's offers free to all Canadians the best platform, around, the \$2.22 meal deal.

**DJ's**  
**Beef Buffet**  
**Bonanza**  
**only 2.22**

**DJ'S**  
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**700 University Ave**  
**595-0700**

Present this coupon with \$2.22 for a complete roast beef dinner including boulangere potatoes, salad and DJ's homemade bread and butter. This coupon is valid after 5 pm for dinner Monday through Friday only until May 15th, 1980. Licensed under LLBO

T



## Article 9 from P. 49

french dressing, but he insisted you try Italian. Then when you said, 'I hate Italian salad dressing, you lowlife.' You completed the secret passcode. Since then he's had you followed. (Man, all of those pubs I had gone to. That guy must look worse than me.) Now he has decided it is time for you to shed your cover of a simple minded under-grad and take your rightful place as head of the Secret Alliance of Necrophilic Morticians!"

She continued by presenting me a solid gold 14K (probably just plate), S&M decoder ring and made me take the vow of allegiance to the King of Cold Intercourse himself, the honourable Rigor Mortis.

To say the least, I was com-

pletely flabberghasted. Gripping together what wits I had left with one hand and my turtle-neck with the other, I heckoned my late night visitor to sit down I put the yogurt in the fridge. (Since the fridge had so much mold on it that it had been entered in the C.N.E. plant show earlier, this ploy to buy time was extremely ineffective). I asked her if she'd like a gimblet. She refused and began to remove her trench coat.

To my amazement, under the coat she was wearing a full length birthday suit. (In other words, nothing, naked, zip, zero the grand goose egg, not a stitch!!) Once again employing

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## Article Number 2

...Houston (UPIg). The United States National Aeronautics and Space Administration has announced that because of certain "Save-the-World Committee" demonstrations, will not include Voyageur 6 in its space programme. On the other hand, the USSR has reported that they are now launching a probe called Voyageur 6, and will be filing for royalties on a certain motion picture released by Paramount Pictures.

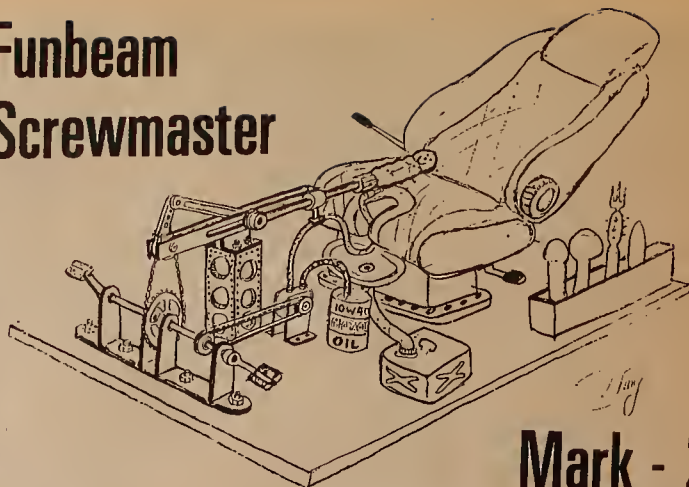
...A group of very joyous and excited scientists from the Queen's University have announced that they have discovered that speed-reading pornography can lead to premature ejaculation.

... In a new anonymously written expose on the television industry, a former network chief revealed that most of the situation comedies of the '50's were in fact crude and degrading freak shows, in

which mental patients and the mentally handicapped were allowed to make fools of themselves pretending to be real people. Oddly enough, no one outside of the television industry ever realized that the bizarre and lunatic behaviour seen in these shows was not just the result of inane script-writing and network policy. Examples include i Love Lucy,

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## Funbeam Screwmaster



## Mark - 2

The Extacy Physical Stimulation Company of Stinking Creek, Kentucky presents their brand new 1980 model "Female Frolic" Orgasmatic Copulation Simulator-Stimulator, now for sale at your local X-Inc. dealer

Pictured here is our deluxe model, with many standard features not even offered on our competitors' models. Note our new super comfortable seat-covered in soft, washable, leather-like vinyl, and the handy large drainage pan, for easy, worry free clean up. An automatic lubricant ensures continuing comfort in two quality grades of lubricant 10W40 oil for all purpose use, or cold weather 5W30 oil (not shown) for the frigid woman. The seat is six position and adjustable for girls who just

won't take their sex lying down. Five quality inter-changeable heads are included: Smiles & Chuckles (on arm), and in the special rack, within easy reach of trembling fingertips, "Baby Smooth," "Eng Sci Big Head," "Satan's Wife's Choice" and "The V2 Missile." Extra heads can be ordered from your local dealer, or write for a free full colour catalog. The whole

But the most important feature of this Heavenly device has been left for last: In order to save this country's valuable and rare resources, the whole apparatus runs on pedal power! Not one drop of fuel is wasted as you pedal your way into extacy! Think of how good you'll feel as you operate the Simulator-Stimulator, knowing you're doing your country a good turn.

Due to the recent hiring of on Eng. Sci. grad, all the pills made by Mario's Pills and Douche Factory were collected in one bin. Mario's has since gone into the Brick Business and has been forced to liquidate his stock. We are proud to present to you - No Nome Pills.



- No Childproof cap; any fool can use these.
- No fixed size; from time release to horse pills.
- Many attractive shapes.
- Improves fuel economy.
- 26 beautiful colours; from pink to plaid.
- Several types; from amphetamines to suppositories.
- No nuclear materials used.
- May include cures for: beerfarts, hemroids, vaginal itch, B.O., hairy palms, etc.
- We guarantee nothing, money not refunded if not satisfied.
- Gently flavoured; comes in albatross, cream of yak, charcoal, and unleaded flavours.



GREAT VERMIN DESTROYER.

## A Student's Sad Story

I started off this year with zest and tried to do my very best. But soon this plan was laid to rest and I am doing my lousiest. All I did was sit and rest and only worked when I was pressed like hours before every test; the answers for I mostly guessed. Now my life is really messed. "I'll graduate," I say in jest. So I won't need my suit and vest because I'll be a clerk out west. Well maybe I will be a pest; marks from tutors I will wrest. I'll take whatever's easiest, and beg to pass - a small request.

## SCAVANGER HUNT

All mice are invited to participate in the second annual valuable merchandise scavenger hunt. The mouse collecting equipment with the highest retail value gets to keep whatever he finds. Of course, anyone caught collecting equipment will be disqualified. Students are not invited to participate and those attempting will be prosecuted. Remember; the contest does not start until Feb. 1, so the value of any dental gold already collected will not be counted towards personal standings. Entry forms can be picked up at the mouse house starting Jan. 31. See you there.

## Here it is!



## Something extra from Labatt's.

A premium quality brew commemorating our 150th Anniversary. Extra Stock means extra flavour, extra smoothness, extra taste satisfaction. Mellow and smooth going down, it's something extra, for our friends...from Labatt's.

AVAILABLE IN 6, 12, 18 AND 24 BOTTLE CARTONS AT YOUR BREWER'S RETAIL OR FAVOURITE PUB.



# Article Number 3

We the Engineers of UoT are thankful for all that we have. Our Ultra-modern facilities go unrivalled inside a hundred-yard radius.

The day of the typical engineer begins in front of the famed Mining Building. He is awestruck by the dazzling display of stonework as he slowly climbs the well-worn staircase in his quest for higher education.

He enters the gloriously energy efficient, climate controlled Mining Building, travels the youthful corridors and marvels at the wonders of geology that line the walls. His trip ends all too soon as he reaches his first class.

Each of the Mining Building's rooms are wonderfully air-conditioned in the winter and analogously heated in the summer at little extra cost to the student.

Morning completed, the engineer now heads over for a little brunch at the block renowned Old Metro Library. The entrance hall and the

dining room are breathtaking with their flush mounted fluorescent chandeliers and deep pile linoleum tile, a sight not soon forgotten. A sense of serenity falls over the tranquil students lulled by the melodic rhythm of the pinball quartet.

The young engineers relax in the plush comfort of the customized seats, some without arms or backs for those students without arms or backs, (see paragraph on lab safety).

The quality of food is on the rise; on last report it was seen that less than 76% of students found anything hard or disgusting in a bought lunch in this exquisite dining lounge. A number of scantily clad, seductive women can be seen on patrol of the dining room (the rat patrol) in search of any reusable refuse.

Portions of the Dining Lounge double as an examination area. There is one obvious advantage to eating in the same rooms that you write

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# Article Number 6

Get the eats? You know - munchies: peanut butter sandwich, roast beef, jelly donuts, beaver, mangoes, anything! Well, if you're on campus, FORGET IT unless you're prepared to die or you have a craving for green-yellow crusty egg salad sandwiches. Eating is for enjoyment or at worst, survival. But when it comes down to "will I live to go home tonight?" something must be done.

You just can't find a decent bite anymore. Even squirrels

eat better. Like how many times have you paid dearly for a roast beef sandwich and found that the meat is something of an apocalypse? But do you know why the meat looks like it's been recycled? - because it is recycled. Ever see those rubbies go rummaging through the garbage collecting all those sandwiches you buy and then throw out? Well, they work for those caterers because they sure as hell don't eat the meat. Instead, it all gets sorted and recycled where they make the

sandwiches. It's simple economics: sliced meat to the caterer is as a beer bottle is to a brewer - a reusable commodity.

But if meat is reused, why is it that you get so little in your sandwich? The sandwich maker is scared, - scared to death that someone might eat a whole sandwich and croak. Don't believe it? Just eat a sandwich at the cash register next time (get a friend to call an ambulance) and the asshole who sold it to you and let you eat it will say a wee prayer - if you're lucky.

Okay; so you don't eat sandwiches. You still have a problem. Donuts, for example, are about as edible as camel shit. Just try and figure out the ingredients. Every ingredient is a definite maybe. A degree in Chemical Engineering won't even tell you what you're eating! The manufacturers of these plastic pastry eating! The manufacturers of these plastic pastry delights are Flacrazy - like dthey will confuse you to no end with an ingredient list and then on the same label tell

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# Article Number 9

By Walter Thomas

As a tiny ray of sunlight pierced the transparent cellophane curtains of my room, striking a mirky glass filled with last night's cheer, ("cheer," it's not a brew of your favourite beverage, but the stuff clothes are cleaned with. So... sometimes you need a cheap high.) I realized things were getting better. Peeling off the encrusted coverage that was upon myself ("coverage," you dumb degenerate, is a blanket), I stepped dauntlessly through the remains of many an adventure that had taken place upon the floor. Upon finding myself standing, I groggily sorted out the events that had taken place here.

Apparently, a few days ago, if my memory serves me, it was 2:00 a.m. and there came a tapping at my door. It was pretty late for the Avon lady, thus making me very suspicious. Rolling up a well worn copy of Penthouse, (required reading for PORN 100, -an artsie gayology course), I rose from my semi-drunken stupor over an org(y)chem text book and cautiously approached the door. Suddenly it occurred to me that my exposed primary and secondary male sex characteristics may be too overwhelming for the shittidisturber on the outside of the door!! Glancing about I spotted my favourite turtle-neck sweater,

Using some quick thinking, comparable to that of an Eng Sci major (or even captain), I slipped my legs into the sleeves and clasped it securely about my waist with a giant antique brass safety pin.

My trembling hand reached for the door knob and I heard myself utter meekly, "Who is it?" (Pretty original, Huh??). There was no answer. Prying the door open a crack, I peaked out. The figure was barely visible through my phenol red coloured eyes. It was a succulent blonde, clad in a grey trench coat, carrying a large container of blueberry yogurt in one hand and a pair of Gucci signature running shoes in the other (so maybe I could see better than I thought).

She leaned into the door, breaking my grip, and stumbled into the room. I was breathing hard as she gathered herself together and started to speak. Her German accent was thick, but I could make out what she was saying. "My name is Leyla. I'm an exchange student from Sweden. (German accent, Swedish accent, after thirty or forty barley sandwiches who could tell?) I was sent to you from his royal highness the Earl of Edible Wax Fruits."

"Who?" I asked. "You know, the Earl you met at the all-you-can-eat salad bar at Ponderosa. You wanted

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# U of T Leather Jackets only \$139!

Don't let the low price fool you. Our jackets are made of top quality heavy leather that's made to measure, and come complete with crest and letters. Ladies' jackets too! Only ot...



**Export Leather Garments**  
5 Camden St at Spadina, 1 block south of Richmond  
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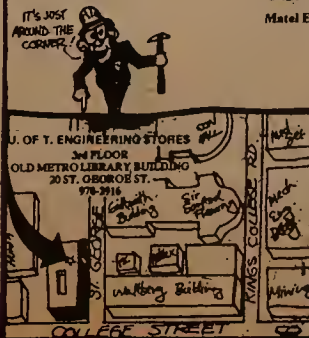


# THE ENGINEERING STORES

Now you've got no excuse not to shop and visit. The Engineering Stores is owned and operated by the students of the Engineering Society, and our low prices on quality goods are available to any member of the University community. We're not in the most convenient location on campus, but you'll find that the value we have in a store is well worth your effort to find us.

Mate Electronic Games	sugg. list	our price
Baseball	44.95	37.95
Soccer	39.95	37.95
Battlestar Galactica	34.95	29.95
TI LCD Watches (Silver or Gold)	59.95	24.95
Staedler Microtox Pen and Pencil Kit	17.95	10.95
Chrome		
Plastic	14.95	7.50
Pencil only chrome	9.95	5.95

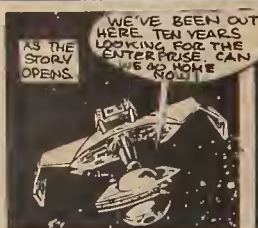
Blenders - Food Processors - Scream's Outlines





# STAR TREK

## THE MOTION SICKNESS



Three Klingon battle cruisers fanned out in different directions as they tried desperately to halt the advancing intruder. The squadron leader, in a vain attempt to encircle the enemy, banked outwards in a graceful arc and crashed into another warship.

"Yago da phing-bat!!" the commander howled, bouncing a chain-mailed fist off his navigator's pointy head.

"Flork ner frizdap?" the second pilot said in anger, letting rip a barrage of photon torpedos on the commander's ship which took the hit amidships and tumbled wildly through space, broadsiding the third battle cruiser.

"Draq nu quixdar!!" the third pilot said in astonishment, as he suddenly noticed the presence of several spiny bumps on his forehead. Scratching his head, he found the bumps were well attached. He scratched harder but only managed to bloody his face.

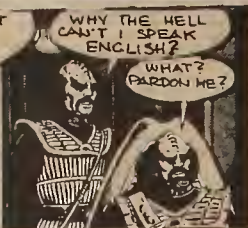
"Ego bisna kobbolor!!" the squadron leader snarled, annoyed that he could no longer speak English as all Klingons had been able to just ten years before. In frustration, he jet-tisoned an anti-matter projectile at the third Klingon pilot.



"Bisnolor..." the pilot answered in surprise as he banged his forehead on the instrument panel in an effort to flatten the bumps. Panicking when this failed, he seized his tube of Klingosil and smeared it onto his face.

The second pilot, enraged by the English subtitles flashing all around him, armed the front half of his cruiser and kamikazied the commander's ship, blowing it to tiny pieces.

The third Klingon was quietly going berserk as he tried valiantly to remove the bumps. In total desperation, he took his disruptor and began blasting huge smoking craters in his forehead.



spraying chunks of barbecued brain all over the walls.

The intruder meanwhile had been enjoying himself immensely as he watched this crack unit of Klingon warships in action. Having pissed his cosmic pants from laughing so hard, he set forth for the planet earth, giggling uncontrollably as he left.

Far removed from this scene, a tall, lean, lanky and yet strangely overweight figure knelt reverently before a regally attired Vulcan. Master T'sai neared the end of a ceremonial chant that explained the significance of the ritual known as Kolinahr. Presently, she looked down on the semi-reumbent figure.

"Spock, son of Sarek and Amanda, art thee prepared to open thy mind to us?" she asked. Spock sat silent and unmoving.

"Spock, son of Sarek and Amanda, art thee prepared to open thy mind to us?"

"Spock... art thee? Spock. SPOCK!!!"

"Oh shit, sorry, your highness ma'am," Spock said, as he looked up sheepishly from his game of jacks. "I thought that you would never shut up."

"Shut thy moronic face, Spock of Vulcan. Art thee prepared to open thy... thy mind to me?" she asked sternly. "Stop throwing rocks at those birds! Spock... leave them alone. Art thee prepared to... SPOCK! Will you stop fidgeting! And stop making faces at me when I talk to you. Listen to me!" she said, losing her long-repressed temper.

"Knock, Knock," Spock said, looking up hopefully. "Say 'who's there! please... aw come on, say 'who's there?' won't you?" he begged incessantly.

"I refuse!" the master said tersely, livid with new found rage. "This is a sacred ceremony, none may desecrate it with... Stop picking your nose! And don't flick it at me!" she said, sidestepping a small green projectile.

"Spock," she continued wearily, "you have endured the rigours of Kolinahr, but you have succeeded in purging your logical half. Congratulations," she said sarcastically.

"Time for you to go," she said dejectedly. Spock suddenly brightened up. "Don't I gotta snatch a pebble from your hand or nothing?" he asked in surprise.

"Bigger off!" she snapped, stamping her foot on the ground.

"Jeepers! Thanks a lot, your royaltiness, sir," Spock said happily as he turned and skipped merrily away.

Back on the earth, Kirk strode belligerently through the crowds of people at Starfleet, stepping on feet and elbowing kidneys as he went. The whole complex was abuzz with rumours about the nebulous intruder that was making its way toward the earth. There was even talk that this thing was more powerful than Kirk himself.

"God Kirk!" said a Vulcan voice piously as it caught sight of the ex-starship captain. It was Commander Sonak, the Vulcan Starfleet scientist.

Kirk's blood boiled. "How dare you profane my name and rank by using the title 'god,'" he growled.



"Forgive me, Supra-God, for I know not what I do," Sonak pleaded, prostrating himself before Kirk.

"You're forgiven, Sonak, but I demand more respect," Kirk said, grinding the Vulcan's face into the cold granite floor with his boot. "Now, report to the ship immediately. We leave in twelve hours."

Sonak wrote with green blood on the floor, "Sir, with all due respect, Starfleet orders state a minimum of twenty hours are necessary before launch."

"Twenty hours, is it? Very well. We leave in fifteen minutes, then," Kirk said. Whirling on Sonak's head, he turned and continued elbowing his way through the crowds.

Suddenly, Kirk spotted an old, familiar face.

"Scotty!" he shouted, seeing the well-preserved engineer on his knees, yapping up a gallon of scotch in the corner.

"The engines won't take it, captain," Scotty replied, heaving up a half-digested tribble.

"You may rise, Mr. Scott," Kirk ordered. "I have good news for you, you haggis-humper you. I've got command of the Enterprise again!" Suddenly, Scotty grew wild-eyed with horror.

"Captain... you couldn't... you... you wouldn't... not the Enterprise... not MY Enterprise!" Scotty sputtered, recalling

the years of thankless back-breaking labour it took to rebuild the ship after Kirk's last command. They had wanted to destroy her, but Scotty begged and cried shamelessly to have her restored.

"Get moving, Mr. Scott. We leave in fifteen minutes," Kirk said. Scotty raced away immediately in search of explosives to scuttle the Enterprise before Kirk could totally destroy her in deep space.

Some fifteen minutes later, a harried and bedraggled Scotty reluctantly met Kirk at the launch pad. Scotty started the shuttle and headed for the Enterprise. Scotty began hurling the shuttle repeatedly at the hull of the ship, hoping like hell to decimate her in dry dock.

"I don't know what's come over this damn shuttle," Scotty said, as the tiny spacecraft hammered bravely, but ineffectually against the space hardened metal hull.

"Ever wonder why you never got a command of your own, Scotty?" Kirk asked.

"Captain, you can't take her out with all these dents, we'll be laughed out of the quadrant. Why don't you take another ship?" Scotty pleaded. In a final overzealous attempt, Scotty hit the ship so hard that he punctured the skin and they found themselves on the bridge of the Enterprise.

Beside them, the entire crew stood with their shoulders to the door, barricading the entrance.

"My loyal crew," Kirk said, eyeing them suspiciously. "All crowding the door in their anticipation of my second coming."

Suddenly, he spied the young Captain Decker sitting quietly in the captain's chair. Kirk stormed over and lambasted Decker so hard that he flipped over three times in the air before slamming into the communications panel.

"Get out of my chair," Kirk said softly. "I'm taking command... and you clean toilets," he said, explaining Decker's demotion.

"Wonderful, Captain," Decker agreed. "It's just what I was thinking. Can I start now?" he asked.

Ignoring him, Kirk turned to survey the newly revamped Enterprise. "There's no dingle balls around the viewing screen... And where's my little dog that bobs up and down when we change warp speeds? And my crocheted pillows... Mr. SCOTT!!" Kirk bellowed, angrier than ever.

"Captain, I'm sorry... we had to get rid of excess weight because of all the anti-pollution gear we put on the ship. But maybe you noticed the fire decals I glued on the sides of the ship? It makes her look real mean, Captain," Scotty explained, beaming with pride.

"You mean those red and yellow stickers that look like flames shooting out from an exhaust pipe?" Kirk asked. Scotty nodded fearfully.

"Well done, Mr. Scott! I really like those red and yellow flame stickers. Does it make us look fast?" he asked.

"Very fast," Scotty said.

"And mean?"

"Very mean!" the crew piped in unison. Kirk sat back in his chair, a smug look creasing his face.

"Excellent! Warp factor seven, Mr. Sulu," he ordered. Sulu looked back in surprise.

"Captain, regulations permit only warp one in the solar system." Kirk stared at the helmsman in icy silence. Sulu grew faint as he recognized his fatal error. Seizing a straw hat and cane, he tried hopelessly to soft-shoe his way into Kirk's heart.

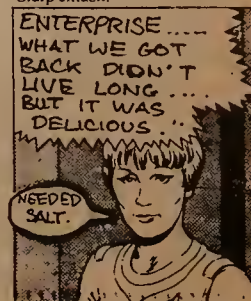
Obviously enamoured by Sulu's charming vaudeville routine, Kirk pulled the lever on his act and a trap door catapulted Sulu into the frozen void of outer space.

"Have another helmsman sent up immediately," Kirk ordered. Down in the transporter room, Janice Rand struggled valiantly to retrieve Sulu and beam Commander Sonak aboard. Circuit after circuit exploded into flame as the signal of the two bodies grew dimmer and more unrecognizable.

"Starfleet! Boost your signal!" Rand ordered, trying to shut out the hideous screaming from the two bodies as their very molecules were being torn apart. Then suddenly, Sulu flashed into being aboard the ship just as the Commander vanished into nothingness.

"Starfleet... did you get him?" Rand asked fearfully.

"Enterprise, Starfleet here. What we got back didn't live long. But god, it was delicious. Slurp smack."



Just then, a trumpet fanfare blared over the ship's intercom. The terrified voice of Lt. Uhura announced, "His omnipotence, the venerable worshipful, beneficent, supra-divine Admiral Kirk deigns to hold audience with the miserable creatures blessed with his command. You have three seconds to be in the conference room."





The Enterprise suddenly listed precariously to one side as the entire crew stampeded into Uhura's cabin. Kirk entered the congested little room and cleared a swath for himself with a hand phaser. A ripple of polite applause passed through the panic-stricken survivors.

"I gathered you here to discuss the cloud which at this very minute, is menacing the only planet in the universe which has produced a decent race of compassionate beings," Kirk said, surveying the shabby collection of mutants and aliens cowering against the far wall.

"But instead, I want to tell you this joke. My dog has no nose." He looked around at the sea of horrified faces. "Well?"



A timid voice piped up from the back. "How... how does he smell?" A puzzled look appeared on Kirk's face.

"Terrible?" Decker suggested meekly, covering his head.

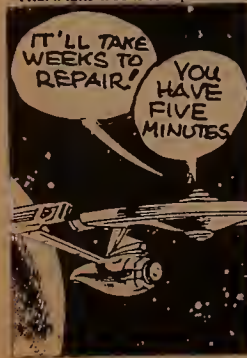
"No, you idiot. I said he had no nose. How in the world could he smell terrible if he couldn't smell at all?" Kirk shouted, his face purple with rage.

Having forgotten the punch line, Kirk returned to the bridge. Settling into the captain's chair, he propped his feet up on Decker.

"Now, Sulu, ahead warp nine!" he ordered.

"Yessir," Sulu shouted, accidentally throwing the ship into reverse in his panic and blasting into the dry dock. Sulu immediately switched to forward, grinding hell out of the gears and dropping the ship's transmission to the planet below.

"Captain!" Scotty cried. "That'll take weeks to repair!"



"Pardon Scotty?" Kirk asked.

"We'll be off in a minute!" Scotty said dejectedly, making his way to the giant treadmill.

"Transporter room here, your

worship," crackled the intercom.

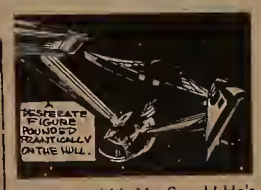
"There was one crew member who refused to step into the transporter. We had to leave without him."

"What was that? Kirk asked rhetorically.

"If we transport at warp drive, we'll end up with a bag of molecules!" Scotty said, impersonating Decker's voice.

"So?" Kirk replied. Moments later, a package of Lipton's Cup O' Surgeon appeared in the transporter.

Suddenly, there came a knock on the outer hull of the Enterprise. At first it was quiet tapping, but this gave way to frantic pounding after a few minutes.

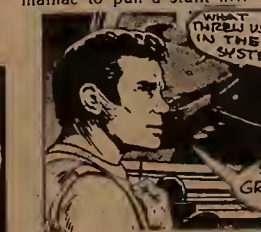


"Captain! It's Mr. Spock! He's hanging onto the hull of the ship with no spacesuit on!" Chekov cried in disbelief.

"By all means, let him in," Kirk said, phasering a hole through the wall. Three nearby crewmen were sucked out the hole before Spock was able to kick and claw his way through the raging outflow of air to get aboard. Seizing Decker, Kirk wedged him forcibly into the wound in the ship and ceased the violent windstorm.

"Excellent idea, Jim!" Decker said gleefully.

"Thank you for saving me, Captain," Spock said. "I was just about to step into the airlock, when some idiot threw the Enterprise into warp drive right in the Solar system! Can you believe it? Some fool actually risked super-light speeds right next to the earth. Boy, it takes some kind of maniac to pull a stunt like..."

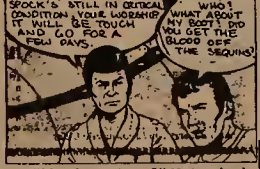


Spock's voice trailed off into the air. Everybody aboard the bridge winced in sympathy as Spock threw himself at Kirk's feet, whimpering and sobbing uncontrollably.

Half a day later, Spock awoke and found a huge bandage around his head. He could see the kindly concerned face of Dr. McCoy staring up at the bio-scanners. The doctor's body was horribly misshapen, scalded and lumpy, evidently the results of poor stirring with boiling water,

"Good thing I was able to unwrap the Captain's boot from your brainstem. I was sure you were a goner," McCoy said.

"Lucky for me that I'm religious," Spock said. Suddenly, Kirk wheeled into the Sickbay and looked over at the Vulcan.



"How's my boot?" Kirk asked. McCoy handed him the boot and Kirk replied "Great work, Bones. I really like the colour." On that note, he turned and left the room.

"Captain," said Decker, still wedged in the hole in the wall, "I believe that we'll be expecting Navigator Ilia very shortly. I think you should know that she's a Deltan," he added. Deltans had a peculiar characteristic of secreting pheromones that had a very unsettling effect on the male crew members. These seductive body scents stimulated men to the brink of orgasm, whereupon all sexual desire was instantly squelched by a sudden attack of explosive acid diarrhea.

Decker himself had especially fond memories of his brief romantic encounters-with the lovely but laxative Deltan. During a particularly torrid night of love-making, he had been shamelessly transported by animal passion, and instead of ejaculating, blew twenty-five feet of intestines, spleen and other vital organs out his ass. The two lovers splashed passionately around in a seething ocean of rectal debris.

Decker's daydreaming was suddenly interrupted as the girl of his dreams strode confidently into the room. As she stepped

off the elevator, even the turbo-lift doors tried to pinch her ass.

Ilia eagerly eyed the breathless men on the bridge, as she folded a roll of crisp twenties from her last assignment.

"Don't worry, captain," she purred seductively. "My oath of frustration is on the record. And anyway, I'm sick of treading diarrhea in bed."

Even Captain Kirk began to take notice of her almost perfect body... but he quickly regained his composure.

"Get us out of here, Mr. Sulu. I want warp 13. So move it!" he snarled, bringing his phaser to bear on the helmsman's head.

"Captain!" Scotty interrupted, "We'll go into a wormhole for sure if we attempt that kind of speed without first testing the engines. We'll all be KILLED!"

Kirk looked up from his copy of Whipsucker long enough to wither the engineer with a single glance.

"But then again, variety is the spice of life," murmured a despondent Scotty.

Sulu, a devout Buddhist, turned to face the east and crossed himself three times before throwing the ship into hyperspace.

Then suddenly, without warning, the special effects men went berserk. Incredibly expensive scenes of technically bewildering shapes and colours flashed recklessly across the screen in a well edited, thoughtfully contrived collage of sense-battering visual phantasmagoria.

The Enterprise was trapped... (to be cont'd)

## This Business of Life

By J. Jeffrey Case

**This Week's Thought**

"Most of the shadows of this life are caused by our standing in our own sunshine."

Ralph Waldo Emerson

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# Article Number 10

At the Full Council Meeting of the Engineering Society on January 15th, the Engineering Society, acting on the recommendations of the six Engineering SAC Directors, decided to show its disapproval of the proposed OFS (Ontario Federation of Students) fees increase by recommending that Engineering students vote against the proposed increase in the upcoming referendum.

The referendum is to be held with the election for SAC Directors and presidential ticket.

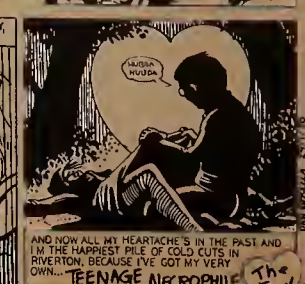
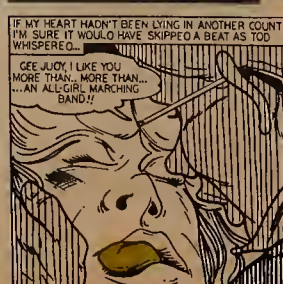
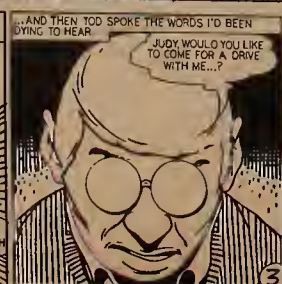
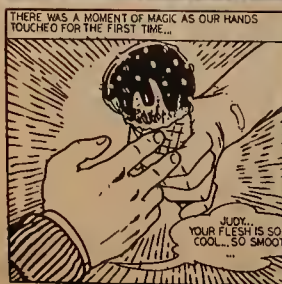
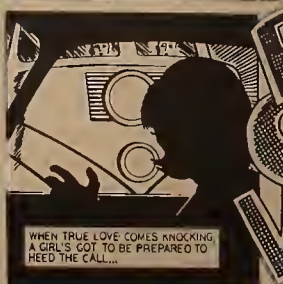
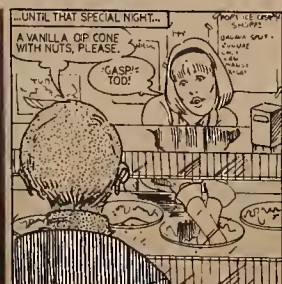
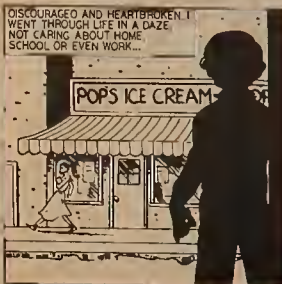
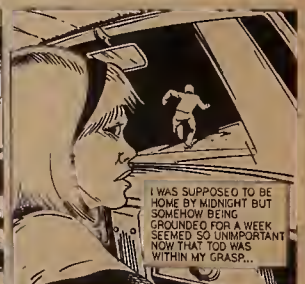
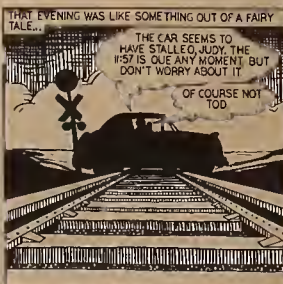
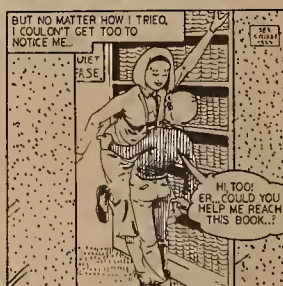
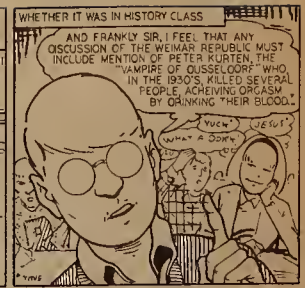
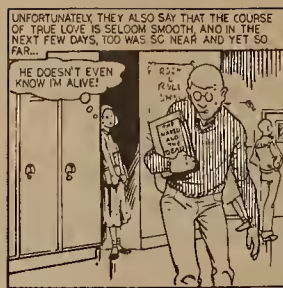
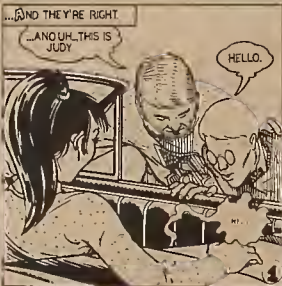
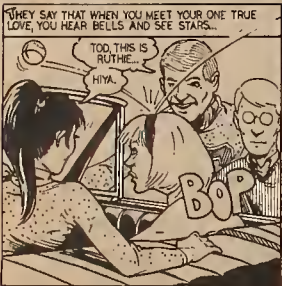
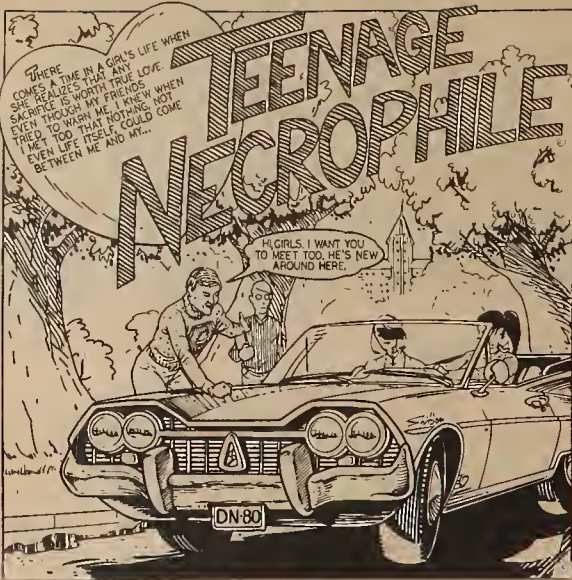
The six Engineering SAC Directors and the Engineering Society disagree with the proposal to increase fees for the following reasons. In a model budget prepared by OFS to illustrate the allocation of funds, given the fees increase, the pie breaks down to:

- 64%-SALARIES (including benefits and honoraria)
- 7%- "EXPENSES" ACCOUNTS
- 11%- COMMITTEES/ CONTINGENCY
- 14%- ADMINISTRATION
- 5%- INFORMATIONAL SERVICES/ CAMPAIGNS/ ADVERTISING

Fees from UoFT form 26% of the budget yet UoFT has only one vote out of all other post-secondary institutions who are members of OFS. OFS claims that this would be easy to change, but we suspect that all of the other institutions would oppose changing the voting distribution. The 64% of the budget going to salaries represents \$15,000 paid to each of 11 employees.

We feel that this demonstrates an extravagant waste of our money, and merely an attempt by OFS to self-perpetuate; some of us have even questioned whether UoFT should belong to OFS at all. If you have any questions, feel free to contact one of the six Engineering SAC Directors: Alison Bradbury, Vickie Ahoronian, Richard Chase, Mark Lucey, Parvez Patel, and Michael Nettleton.







# Article Number 4

We at the Toike Oike realize that engineers are in great demand among the female populace (yes, Women's Studies groups included) around the University of Toronto. Herewith is presented a set of guidelines illustrating how one may persuaded and/or seduce one of these noble men of Skule:

1/ Direct offering of your body is often not enough. Engineers, being in high demand and relatively low supply, frequently receive such propositions. In order to assure yourself of capturing one of these exquisite specimens of masculinity, girls, remember that the way to an Engineer's heart and/or other organs is through his integral. Offer to do his problem sets or lab write-ups.

2/ A secondary method of snaring an engineer which is also quite successful is that of direct cash reimbursement for his services. Precious metals are also a high drawing card for the typical engineer. This method may not be as effective as the initial one, but with increasing tuition, this method is gaining popularity.

3/Girls, you may also try dropping subtle hints that you have recently purchased cases of beer and expect the Engineer to cum up and help you drink it. This sly plan to trick the Engineer into cumming into your room has been quite effective in the past. Although most Engineers have caught onto this ploy, the unsuspecting Flrosh are still easily duped into following alluring maidens into their rooms.

Girls, we have provided you with three techniques with which to capture the attention of an engineer, as long as your personal resources will hold out. These techniques are virtually foolproof and may be used as often as a young maiden desires. But, whatever you do, do not be afraid or unduly awed in the presence of an Engineer, merely because he is superior to mortal men; such a reaction is a dead giveaway that the seductress is inexperienced

Microwave trans. and rec. equip. in the 1-10 um range. Do have access to same? Join me in an experiment. Call Richard at 924-7800 before 9 a.m. M-F.



One out of every four Eng. Sci. leave after their first term.

Tomorrow morning you may be better off to

## STAY IN BED!

Tomorrow could be a critical day in your emotional cycle and you could be subject to accidents, poor judgement or just an all around "off" day. In that case, you should stay away from difficult situations and important decisions and be more careful than you would normally during the course of that day.

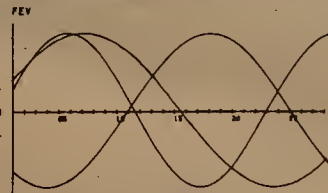
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### Typical biorhythm chart.



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## Article 6 from P. 49

you "THIS PACKAGE CONTAINS I DONUT".

Well, maybe we are being a little too harsh. There are worse things than campus fast food - like getting your head cut off or learning to fly when our parachute doesn't open. The fact is, the sandwich you buy is not a total loss. Unlike some things you might buy, a caterers sandwich does not depreciate - it will be worth just as much now as it will be three weeks from now. So you see, things are not all that bad. Why the sandwich is even useful! For example, how many times have you sat outside eating a perfectly great homemade lunch when every Tom, Dick and Harry, bee and squirrel wants a bite? - just pull at your bread sandwich apocalypse.

So finally we ask ourselves, "Is there hope?" Well of course there is! If you don't like it, don't buy it; and if it's any consolation, there is one thing that is safe. Amazed? Stunned? Ready to climb the walls? It is called natural fruit juice. The worst they can do to it is freeze it or serve it warm.

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## Article 3 from P. 17

After his invigorating lunch, the engineer goes back to work, probably to one of the remarkable engineering labs. Every lab report that a student engineer hands in is a marvel of accuracy, thanks mainly to the amazingly precise, scrupulously clean and extraordinarily maintained equipment that each student has access to.

Of course, safety comes first. Staggering strides have been made in lab safety in the last 10 years, we are finally to a point where accidents have been reduced to 24% of the student body per term, which runs very near to the safety record of the sport of bang-gliding.

No wonder the engineers' tuition fees are going up!



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# Article Number 8

Article 9 from P. 62

It was dark... very dark. The silence in the room pressed almost unendurably heavily on my eardrums. My heart pounded in anticipation of the confrontation about to present itself. I knew my quarry lay wounded not more than 15 feet from my present position. I could hear him breathing weakly, irregularly. I began to move towards him stealthily, my Walter PPK at the ready. Suddenly a hideous, piercing scream knifed through the icy silence. The voice was my own. I had stepped on the remains of a Kentucky Fried chicken snack-pak, and the bones had driven deeply into the exquisitely tender plantar surface of my left foot.

My cunning sense of tactical intuition led me to believe that I had alerted my foe to my deadly intentions. Having lost the element of surprise, I headed towards the inky blackness. Again, there was no mistaking that familiar vocal timbre. I had impaled my right kneecap on the business end of a fireplace poker, forever limiting my previously lithe, cat-like agility.

I was not one to give up, however, much as my now wounded body craved relief. I spun quickly, too quickly, and landed face first with a spine-wrenching thud on the brick decorative extension to the

fireplace. A muffled curse was all that violated the darkness this time, all of my sensory nerves having been completely numbed to pain.

Fear replaced pain, as the brutal realization of my predicament finally sunk home. I could hear my adversary emit a long low chuckle, a confident, triumphant chuckle. I fumbled hurriedly for my trusty PPK, having dropped it on my last manoeuvring sortie. Ominous footsteps began to approach me, and I now knew my doom to be inevitable.

With a last effort at my only glimmer of hope, I swiped madly for the poker which must have laid mere inches from my hand. It was to no avail. The stack of firewood came crashing down on my head, knocking me senseless.

I came to after what seemed like eons of unconscious bliss. Bliss in comparison to the mind-numbing pain that permeated every pore of my battered body. I opened my eyes slowly, and focused on the end of the barrel of a 9mm Luger.

"Bang, bang... you're dead," cried my 11 year old son Tommy. "Gotta count up to a hundred before yer alive again!!!" He reveled in victory. I cowered in defeat. Another Saturday morning game of guns chalked up to the little tyke.

Hold it! Hold it! This is getting extremely tacky. I know that a bunch of hard up slobes are just aching for a full colour conclusion of the next twelve hours.

Well, no way Bubba; Uh, Uh. We now live in a pseudo-feminist regime, where your going to have to keep your perverted thoughts to yourself or you know what will be cut off.

Anyway, I'm saving the rest for the big times. I'm writing a book about it, for which I plan to be paid handsomely. (That's handsomely more than this cheap paper will ever pay.) If anyone's interested, the book will be called "The Saga of Sammy Sperm" or "Neil the Naughty Necrophiliac." Eitherway, it will prove to be a must reading for any aspiring morgue attendant.

**CHICKEN  
DAY  
IS  
CUMMING**

## 11 Trampled to Death



SKULE NITE TRAGEDY

**CINCINNATI (UPI-Special)** - Thousands of fans trying to fight their way into a performance of "Skule Nite 8TO" rushed the doors at Riverfront Coliseum last night, trampling and smothering at least 11 persons who were killed in the crush of bodies. Another 20 people were injured. Authorities said the crowd who mobbed the gates were those attempting to get general admission seats.

Madison Square Gardens director Joe Figiola told the Toike that he's planning to step up security for the Skule Nite performance there tomorrow night.

Cincinnati police said that they were frightened to cancel the show in case a riot occurred. ... Police ... Chief

Life insurance salesman work frantically over several youths trampled in rush for festival seating at Skule Nite performance in Cincinnati last night. One of the dead (foreground) is covered by a policy.

Jutras said, "Some of the kids had been camped outside for days. Some were drinking alcohol, smoking marijuana and selling life insurance and when the doors opened, all sense of rationality left the group."

However, the show went on and was an unqualified success. The Ayatollah Khomeini made his singing debut. Margaret Trudeau (in the audience) was caught with her pants down. Other notables on stage were Ricky Ricardo, Lawrence Welk, Darth Vader, Rocky Horror's Frank'nfurter, the Marx Brothers, Charlie Chaplin, and the cast of "A Clockwork Orange." The show ended with the great murder mystery "Only the Dead Die at Skule." in

which the forces of evil battled against private dick, Dick "Do I look like a dick?" Dickerson.

This spectacular show goes to Hart House Theatre at the UofT for a four-night run on February 27 to March 1. Tickets now on sale at the Engineering Stores, are \$3.00 and \$3.50, with a special discount price of \$2.50 for groups of ten or more on Wednesday or Thursday. Rumours have it that groups of engineering students are massing to buy these blocks of cut-rate tickets. Authorities in Toronto are nervous about the possibility of another tragedy, and are advising show-goers there to get their tickets as soon as possible to avoid a last-minute stampede.



# TRENDYISM: THREAT OR MENACE

By Blader Herald reporter  
Jack Miehoff

For 12 years John and Jane Doe, age 28 and 18 respectively and both UofT graduates in Arts and Science, were seriously addicted to trendyism. They regularly ate, wore, did, said, thought, smoked, or bought whatever was fashionable at that moment. But after several weeks of intense therapy they have gone "cold turkey" and no longer retain even the faintest hints of their former affliction.

"Hardly a day went by that I did not drink at least I was really hooked on trendyism," John admitted in a recent interview with CBC newsman Knowleton Gnash.

However, last year both John and Jane (not their real names, which are actually Fred and Elizabeth Nerf of 17069 Credit River Drive, Mississauga) took part in the revolutionary new therapy being pioneered by Dr. Fran C. Pance of Whitby. "Basically, what I do is make my patients watch old reruns of I Love Lucy, Leave it to Beaver, and Gilligan's Island. After watching these programs, 16 hours a day, for 5 or 6 weeks, they are either cured of all trendyism or else hopelessly insane," Dr. Pance said.

For John and Jane, Dr. Pance's therapy put an end to over 12 years of shame, disgrace, and self-indulgence. "It all started easily enough," John remembered, "When I was in high school I went to a

party and a few of the more popular kids there made some cutting remarks about their parents' materialistic values. It was easier to sneer along with them, so I did. From then on, it was straight down-hill."

John went on to chronicle how sarcasm and satire swept him further into the dizzying vortex of trendyism. He quickly learned to ridicule school spirit, the football team, the teachers, and even school dances. By the end of Grade 13, his parents already suspected that their only son John was a trendy. But it was not until he left the sheltered environs of Forest Hill and went into residence at UofT that they were certain.

"When I got to living in Rochedale College, I let my hair grow and stopped taking care of my personal hygiene. Then I began buying black-light posters and a stereo for every corner of my room. From then on it was sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll, though not necessarily in that order," John admitted. He marched in anti-cutback rallies, tried to start a farming commune on the college roof, and even majored in sociology. "I think all those sociology courses are what hurt my parents the most. They always wanted me to be an engineer like my father."

After graduating he "bummed around Europe for a while," and then came back to Toronto where he scrounged a living by making and selling candles and leathercrafts on Young St. "I first met Jane at a

street party celebrating the defeat of the minority Trudeau government in 1974. We hit it off right away. I could see that she was a trendy too, since she wasn't wearing a bra or shoes, and this was in February. We both wanted a meaningful relationship, but since this was not fashionable in the 70's, we settled for a one night stand.

After a time (or a few times actually), they moved in together, and John took the job as the art director for a solar energy research firm. With all that extra money they were able to feed their habit even more. Within a short time they bought a Volvo, a BMW, two ten speed bicycles, and a redwood hot-tub.

"Finally we got hooked on the hard stuff. We bought a condo in Florida so that we could practice up on our French, and we each took 2 or 3 Club Med vacations, separately of course, each year. After a while, we found ourselves taking money away from the kids' soccer lessons so that we could buy that extra bottle of Perrier water. We were really sick," Jane admitted.

"We did everything: backpacking, windsurfing, TM, TA, PTA, macrame, health foods, self-awareness, and ballet. I even had a vasectomy," John sobbed. "It was horrible."

Over a year ago, John and Jane decided that they had reached bottom. "One day we woke up to find a hole in our

waterbed, and we both realized that jogging, baggammon, cycling, and discoing were not enough any more. So we looked for help," John said.

After undergoing Dr. Pance's gruelling therapy, John and Jane were quick to "throw the monkey off of our backs." All vestiges of trendyism were gradually obliterated. "On our way home from the last treatment we both threw our digital wristwatches with built-in alarms out the car window on the freeway, and the first thing I did when I got home was to rip out that awful herb garden and plant some nice sod," John stated proudly.

Once the redwood hot-tub was replaced by an inflatable backyard pool, the Cuisinart by a Vegamatic, the elbow-patched corduroy and tweed jackets with leisure suits, and

the ten speed bikes by a Honda 750, it became easier for John and Jane. "Hell, I can't watch any of that soccer any more, now it's just hockey and football for me. Even Perrier water doesn't taste so good to me anymore. Gimmie a Red Cap or two instead," John said. "And, best of all, I just had my vasectomy reversed!"

Although it was not easy for John and Jane Doe to kick the trendy habit, the fact that they have done nothing trendy for the last five months shows that it can be done. As Dr. Pance stated, "Trendyism is not something that we can afford to be ashamed of any more. It is a sickness that threatens the very stability of our nation. I would advise trendies to seek immediate professional care. My fees are quite reasonable and its the in thing to do."

## General Release Writ

This Certifies that I, the undersigned male  
about to enjoy sexual intercourse with \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ am above the lawful  
age of consent, that I am in my right mind and  
am not under the influence of any drug or  
narcotic. Neither does she have to use any force,  
threats or promises to influence me.

Furthermore I am in no fear of her whatsoever; do  
no expect or want to marry her, I do not know  
if she is married or not, and don't care. I am  
not asleep or drunk and am entering into this  
relationship with her because I love it and  
want it as much as she does, and if I receive  
the satisfaction I expect, I am willing to participate  
again at an early date.

Signed before jumping into bed

this \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ 19\_\_\_\_

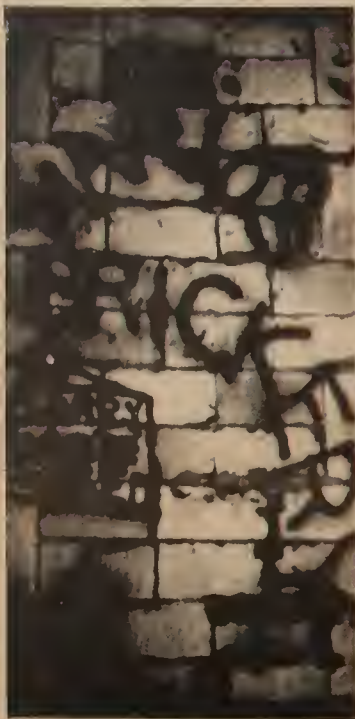
Signed \_\_\_\_\_

Seal

Address \_\_\_\_\_







## NON- ARTICLE

It began on Monday, when the Engineering Society president received telegrams from the resort capitals of the world (Sarnia, etc.) claiming that Mario had in his possession the venerable Jerry P. Potts memorial trophy. Panic struck the executives. The J.P. Potts trophy had been missing for more than three years now. What would Mario demand for the return of such a revered object? The answer came on Wednesday. Posters, disguised as ransom notes, demanded three things. First, \$1,000 was to be donated to a children's charity. Second, the Chariot Race rules were to be modified, to Mario's specifications, and finally, a new verse was to be added to the Engineers' Hymn praising Mario for his return of the trophy. Shock waves reverberated through the society. The demands were unreasonable. A high level meeting followed. Finally, after hours of indecision, the B.F.C. was called in. Thursday came and the B.F.C. was off to Newark, New Jersey, in a valiant attempt to regain possession of the trophy. Arriving at the Bakery, it was found that they were closed for the week. Obviously, Mario was behind the take-over attempt. Microseconds later, the B&E squad entered the bakery. A thorough search of the absolutely filthy store turned up nothing. After leaving a calling card, the B.F.C. left the Bakery and returned to Toronto.

Friday morning came and still no word from Mario. At 12:15 some of his boys appeared but still Mario did not show up. As a show of friendship, they presented the Eng. Soc. with a new flag, obviously uncomfortable in the presence of so many B.F.C. This action touched all those involved so deeply that it was decided to grant Mario his requests. Mario's boys left feeling quite proud of themselves (until they got back to Newark).





# Article Number 1

In recent years, it has become increasingly apparent that the most successful politicians have been those that have taken the generic route to Ottawa. In other words, they have adopted a uniform, bland, non-committal stance on virtually everything. The following is a guide to success in the upcoming federal election.

1. Never mention the word "energy." If anyone asks you about energy, just talk about your parents' trip to Acapulco, or better still, do the jitterbug with any nearby newborns.
2. Avoid the topic of capital punishment. Say that the Capitals have been punished enough in their first couple of years in the NHL.
3. Deny any lack of leadership. Quote lots of figures showing that Canada doesn't need its own leader, we do everything that the USA wants us to.
4. When in difficulty answering questions, nod confidently, and wink at any good-looking girls in the crowd. Let rip a fart, I mean a really wicked one, and see how many hecklers remain to bug you.
5. Get very annoyed when anyone talks about the economy. Threaten them with the possibility of being beaten up by your big brother (even if you don't have one) if they ever mention that word again.
6. Look confused and cock your head quizzically if someone asks you about Quebec. Ask them if that's anywhere near Dusseldorf, and say you have a cousin that lives there, you think.
7. Denounce lesbians loudly. Say that Lesbia has never done anything for Canada, so why should we tolerate them.

8. Complain bitterly about unemployment, telling everyone within earshot that you haven't had a job for over seven years, and its darn time they elected you and cut off the waste of taxpayers dollars.

9. Ignore queries dealing with the reform of marijuana laws. Just say that anyone who smokes that stuff is a dope, then laugh hysterically until everyone goes home.

10. Condemn communism loudly. Say that its Afghanistan one day and could be Alberta the next... they both start with the same letters and those Commies get their own names fucked up... look at all those hockey players with too many consonants in their names.

11. Agree to buy \$13 billion worth of any jet fighter aircraft that has the letter F before two numerals.

12. Come across as a saviour to the native peoples of Canada, and promise them a million acre reserve on Baffin Island.

Follow these dozen easy steps and you are pretty well assured a nice slack job for the next four years (or at least six months).

## Article 3 from P. 49

exams in. How many times have you had a craving for a few crumbs of month-old bread or a few mouthfuls of someone's forgotten peanut butter and banana sandwich during particularly long exam?

In order for the engineers to keep the splendour of this dining area, the administration has cleverly held onto the name "Old Metro Library," thus keeping the Board of Health at bay.

continued on page 57

## IF ELECTED, THE C.A.N.N.O.N. PARTY (Canadian Association of No-Name On-campus N-gineers) PROMISES TO:

- make Ski Week a semi-monthly event
- have weekly Slave Auctions with real sales
- pay the BNAD
- declare Tuesdays a holiday
- make the passing mark 13 1/4 %
- turn U.C. into a ski hill
- replace water fountains with beer fountains
- push for SEX 101F; an introductory course for Eng Sci Flrosh on the topic of intercourse (sheep and small rodents will be avoided).
- proclaim total disarmament (except for cans, cardboard boxes and the Cannon)
- rid the campus of Jocks
- make artsies a near extinct species
- SACSAC
- promise to make no promises
- sell Petrocan to UofT Engineers

- make tutors take English Facility Tests
- move Canada's border 8° 46' 12" south
- return the University land to the native peoples
- make North Toronto C.I. a breeding stable for cattle, poultry, sheep, and Eng Sci's
- make FORTRAN Canada's third official language
- install a pedestrian crosswalk on St. George Street at Russell Street
- turn the SAC building back into an observatory
- round the corners of King's College Square
- install 10 new elevators in Galbraith Building
- someday draw a map of Metro Library Building, and include room numbers on the map
- put numbers on the rooms of Metro Library

- make Mario's Brickery a crown corporation
- brick up all the other Faculties and Colleges
- convert the auditorium of Lawrence Park C.I. into a permanent recording studio for the BNAD
- construct underground tunnels connecting all university buildings
- move the Faculty of Arts and Science to L.A. (that's Lethbridge, Alberta)
- raise the price of all Ontario manufactured goods destined for Alberta to 4 times the world levels
- move CTV's "WS" to the 10:30 Saturday morning slot with the funnies
- make Lady Godiva the President of UofT
- sell essays for defective writing

### Chemical Analysis of Woman

Element: Woman  
Symbol: Wo  
Atomic Weight: 120 lbs.  
(Isotopes have weights varying from 90-200 lbs.)

### Properties of Wn

1. Has great affinity for Ag, Au
2. Never boils but may become frigid for no apparent reason.
3. Insoluble in water, but very soluble in alcohol.
4. Powerful reducing agent.
5. Has a strong tendency to fill its outer 's' orbital to form a stable couple.
6. Rarely occurs in pure form.
7. When found in natural state, it takes on a rosy hue.

release of the lethal bow provided it with sufficient power to soar beyond the first balcony, where it hit the as yet unidentified man in the chest. He was pronounced dead on arrival at the hospital, and Mehnun was charged immediately.

...The ailing Chrysler company announced that they expect to clean up in the 1981 model year, thanks to a proposed new car design. The car, which is noisy, underpowered, cold and drafty, and thoroughly uncomfortable and uncontrollable on a bumpy road or in high winds, bears an uncanny resemblance to the now defunct Volkswagen bug. The gasoline mileage rating is somewhere around 9 mpg, since most of the engine power is used to drive the

## Article 2 from P. 62

"power everything," in the words of one Chrysler engineer. For hot-rodders, a performance package option is available, consisting of a PA system and a soundtrack of the Indy 500.

...The original budget estimate for Star Trek: The Motion Picture, was only \$16,000. This was to cover the cost of re-editing and splicing together film clips from the old episodes as needed to produce one big new episode. However, to maintain realism when the project was revived after sitting idle for 8 years, an additional \$40,000,000 went into building a new exterior model of the enterprise, plus special effects which mostly involved drawing in wrinkles on the faces of the main characters.

## Article Number 5

Shortly after the report released on H.V.C. of I., the Ontario Human Rights Commission, brought to the attention of Joe Skule Laboratories, a previously undiscovered technicality making it dangerous and unlawful to apply more than 250,000 volts across an infant, whether or not the infant consents, and whether or not the person applying it believed the infant had reached the age of majority or was of previously chaste character."

As a result, the Joe Skule Laboratories released the surviving test-infants early this week. They are reported to be doing well at Runnymede Collegiate Institute. Next year, they are expected to take up advisory positions with the University of Toronto Computing Services. For those who missed the live experiments, the electrocutions will be simulcast on City-TV and CHUM-FM, this Saturday night at 11 p.m.

The Legend Continues



### THE CANADIAN MINERAL INDUSTRY EDUCATION FOUNDATION

offers

### UNDERGRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS

in

MINING or MINERAL ENGINEERING and  
EXTRACTIVE or PROCESS METALLURGICAL ENGINEERING

\$1,600-9 months

to students wishing to enter the first or subsequent professional year of a degree course in Mining or Mineral Engineering and Extractive or Process Metallurgical Engineering.

For applications contact:

The Secretary,  
Canadian Mineral Industry Education Foundation,  
P.O. Box 45, Commerce Court West, Toronto, Ont.

or  
The Dean of Engineering  
Applied Science

CLOSING DATE FEBRUARY 29, 1980.

By permission of the Orama Centre.  
Showing from Feb. 27 to March 1 at Hart House Theatre. Reserve seat tickets are \$3.00 and \$3.50 and are available at the Engineering Stores (978-2916) and at Hart House Theatre Box office (978-8668). Group discounts available.



Even though the revolutionary government of Iran has evicted all American and many other foreign newsmen from that country, the TOIKE office in Tehran is still operating (in the attic of an old condemned library) and has managed to get hold of a document, parts of which are reprinted below, believed to be the diary of the Ayatullah Khomeini. Since this is considered a holy document by many of the Islamic faith, we had trouble finding a translator. We settled on Abdul Skule, an engineering exchange student from somewhere around there, and a copy of Collier's Iranian-English dictionary. Even so, we made a lot of it up.

**Dear Diary:** The rebels in the north of the country were acting nasty again today. It seems that they are not happy with my new taxation scheme. Why can't they see that Allah wants me to have half of their land, half of their money, half their harvest and half of their children? And I

only tax them once a month. Besides, I need a lot of people to stand outside the American embassy and yell.

Dear Diary: 'Down with Carter!  
Down with the  
Shah!' How lovely the music is.  
How patriotic these young  
students are who yell loudly  
outside my window every day.  
Hundreds of faithful  
revolutionaries marching up  
and down the street. I thank  
Allah for the revolution. I  
thank Allah for my faithful,  
eager followers. I thank Allah  
that I lost my hearing when I  
was seventy-five. I thank Allah  
that Anacin isn't even  
recommended for children of the  
revolution.

**Dear Diary:** I had a fight with a rival Ayatulla today. I had known him before in Ayatullah school, but I never liked him. He always gave back the bread we stole from the peasants, and never smoked opium with us during recess. Besides, he always smiles. What the hell kind of Ayatulla

smiles, anyway?

Dear Diary: The facist imperialistic swine American news agencies said the Shah (cursed be his name) Palavir was sick with cancer, which is good. I've got to be sure that he goes before I do.

Dear Diary: The election came in today, and they have voted me absolute monarch, which fits in just fine with my plan to return life in Iran to the 14th century. After that we can take our civilization back even further, to the neolithic era. Then we revolutionary Iranians will fit in well.

Dear Diary: Today was a holy day. We gave the hostages a special treat, we exchanged their bonds with brand new, clean, rope, and we gave them broth instead of water with their bread. I spent twelve hours in a mosque today, worshipping. I praised Allah, I praised Islam, I praised my people, I praised the revolution, I praised myself. Unfortunately there was not enough time to praise human rights.

Dear Diary: I had to fire my foreign minister today. He said that he sees hope that the hostages may be released soon. I had to fire my economic advisor today because he said that the country's economy is bad because everybody is marching out in front of the consul and no-one's working. I had to fire my medical advisor because he said that the Shah might not die that soon. I had to fire my tax collector because the rebels in the north got to him. I had to fire the entire University staff... all those fires, what a delicious smell they make!

Dear Diary: I was looking out the window today, reminiscing about my days of exile in France. I remember looking out the window of my small apartment onto the streets of Paris, the shops, the cars, the action, the life... Three girls walked by my window today, dressed all in black. That got me thinking of Parisian girls. You know, Diary, maybe we've got the wrong idea after all...

not continued

and The Honeymooners, and there is a new interest in the exact nature of all the nutty game shows that formerly graced the small screen.

...In a bid expand their 'fringe markets' the Crisco Cooking Oil Company has launched a new series of television ads. The ads each feature an attractive young couple busily engaged in (back door) bedroom activity. The familiar slogan is still heard, as the young man finally announces, "I've been soaking it for an hour, and yet all the oil cums back except one. tablespoonful."

...Scientists at the recently infested UoIT zoology department have discovered that the common flea can in fact jump 850 times its own length. One researcher ruefully observed that the flea's incredible jumping ability was almost useless because "The poor buggers can't see where they're going. I'm sure that's what happened with this lot we've been infested with. I mean, Fort Jock is rather uncomfortably close, you know."

...Famous classical violinist Yehudi Menuhin has been charged with manslaughter after killing a member of the audience at his last concert in Buffalo. It seems that Menuhin applied a deadly poison, which police spokesmen would describe only as 'rosin', to his bow before performing. While playing a particularly difficult piece, he apparently contrived to snag the bow on one of the violin strings. The abrupt

continued on page 17

FILLER FILLER FILLER FI  
ER FILLER FILLER FILLER  
LLER FILLER FILLER FILL

my perceptive method of thought (and not being as dumb as my parents think) I quickly sprang into action and offered her my turtle-neck. Oh, by the way, she really was a natural blonde.

She immediately declined explaining that in order to fulfill both my initiation requirements and hers I would have to make passionate love to her for twelve hours, without her moving. Lapping up the saliva that was dribbling down my chin, I dropped my now overstretched turtle-neck to the floor and stepped closer.

*continued on page 57*

- 1- A penis will remain in a limp or in uniform oscillatory motion unless acted upon by an externally applied hand.
- 2- The rate of change of penis rigidity is directly proportional to the momentum force of her tits and inversely proportional to the width of her cunt opening.
- 3- For every male ejaculation there is an equal and as forceful female orgasm.

Note that Kepler and his three laws of Testicle Motion proved that Newton's three laws break down when dealing with artsies.

## DAYS 10





Don't let the Chemical Engineers take over Hart House.  
Run In the Hart House Elections  
Nominations open Feb. 11 - Feb. 27.  
Election Day - March 5  
Last year the Engineers won all the seats they ran for — will it happen again?



1919-1979  
Hart House



Vote  
Don Redekop  
In Spadina

A government large enough to give you everything you want is large enough to take all you've got. A vote for the Libertarians is an affirmation of your desire for economic freedom and for civil liberty.

**LIBERTARIAN PARTY OF CANADA**

In any area of life other than the political, you look for satisfaction in what you buy. You want assurances that refunds are cheerfully given. And what if a government fails to satisfy... what if the taxes that you have paid are squandered?

**"SORRY, NO REFUNDS."**

**IT'S TIME TO TAKE OUR BUSINESS ELSEWHERE.**

It is the most powerful vote available to you, because our message to government is clear and principled... Leave us alone.

Ask for me at the table in Sydney Smith or call my office at 363-0157

Authorized by the official agent for Don Redekop

# PORTOIKESPORTOIKESPORTO

Engineering teams last term again showed the (inconsequential) other faculties the true meaning of Skule Spirit with their many achievements including championships in Track and Field, Lacross, the Inter-fac Swim Meet and Finalist position in Rugby.

Both Junior and Senior Soccer Teams were stacked with rookies. With enough new players to support three good teams, Skule should have no trouble capturing future cham-

pionships.

The growing interest in soccer at the high school level, although good for the soccer teams, has reduced the performance of the football teams because of a serious lack of rookie players.

Rugby continued to be an enjoyable method for the more sado-masochistic members of APSC to release their frustrations from pre-exam dulls and post exam blues while doing the Red Cross a

good turn. What's happening (this term? Our basketball, squash, and volleyball teams are already on their way and all look to be strong and competitive. More pessimistic members of the teams predict at least THREE championships.

With half the season complete, both Junior and Senior Hockey teams are doing well with good win-loss records.

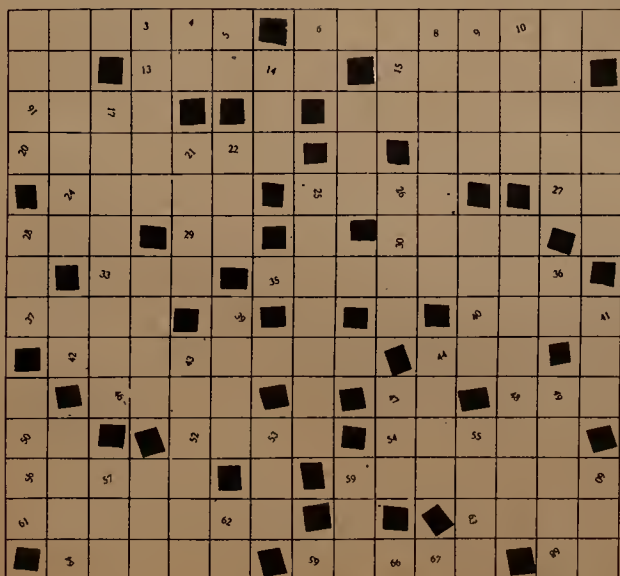
The inter-faculty Ski meet is

coming up soon, so watch for posters and the man to contact.

Jill Spills - Women's Football- The other teams won because they had football players and we had lots of nice legs and cute bums (thus attracting the ref's attention, to our detriment). Hockey, Basketball, and Volleyball participants are, (well pardon the pun) having a ball!

Head News: The EAA executive reminds all Skule

participants (at all levels of competition) to submit their 'S'-point forms prior to Feb. 15. If you feel that you are eligible to receive an award, let us know! 'S'-point rules are in the handbook, available at the EAA stores (not the Engineering Stores). Recipients and all engineers are invited to the 1980 'S'-dance, MARCH 8 at the Holiday Inn-Downtown. Tickets available after Ski-Week.



ACROSS

1. Greek deity of pub crawls \_\_\_\_\_s
6. Hang-out for 49 down
12. Start-out \_\_\_\_\_c

13. Joint \_\_\_\_\_r

15. sign on a door (scrambled)
16. what mass murder might get
18. haemophilic
20. best way to avoid exams
23. see 51 down

24. thick-sweet-white liquid

25. ambition of all students "to \_\_\_\_\_"
27. transport \_\_\_\_\_c
28. "DNE \_\_\_\_\_" (backwards)
29. giveaway time "TP"

30. village

33. "French Juice"

35. according to this magazine, god's gift to women

37. booze

40. sign on a door

42. part of "MP 102"

44. pad (abbr.)

46. athlete \_\_\_\_\_rote

47. where you can find the BLUE JAYS

48. sweet potato

50. see 40 across

52. gay sex

54. Lois Lane's \_\_\_\_\_man

56. when the Argos will take the Grey Cup

59. pun: The tardy melancholy dane

61. tying ropes together

63. British ass

64. German Girl

65. Jewish Priest

68. not out

69. LSD user

70. transmit

DOWN

1. like Kojak

2. what one tree called the other "son of \_\_\_\_\_"

3. french pancake

4. him

5. give away time "VE"

6. direction

7. Costa \_\_\_\_\_Sol

8. cowboy hat

9. \_\_\_\_\_ single's

bar: \_\_\_\_\_marker"

10. S.E. Asia \_\_\_\_\_ China

11. trick or \_\_\_\_\_

14. Cosby's \_\_\_\_\_ Albert

15. the new athletic centre

18. snake

19. politer than shit!

21. a grain

22. relative of Ref

25. students 2nd favourite indoor activity

26. imprisoned: "in the \_\_\_\_\_" (slang)

28. "\_\_\_\_\_nog"

31. cry

32. when Argos plan to take the Grey Cup

34. not beautiful

36. river "\_\_\_\_o"

38. Royal Mail (abbr.)

39. (two words) after an "em"

41. male cat

43. Sinai town now in Egypt again

44. a mineral

45. feminist's opinion "toike \_\_\_\_\_"

47. aspirin

49. nemesis of 35 across

51. see 58 down

53. part of G.P.A.

55. dull

57. meaningless character string

58. see 57 down

59. Chairman \_\_\_\_\_ (after Mao)

60. "\_\_\_\_\_meeny" john

62. no (Scottish)

65. like ST.

66. not A.D.

67. Actress in "10"



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